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THE STORKS

A MUSICAL FANTASY
IN TWO ACTS

LYRICS BY

GUY F. STEELY

MUSIC BY

FREDERIC CHAPIN.

VOCAL SCORE. Price $2.00 net. 6/-

VOCAL GEMS. Pr. 50¢

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THE STORKS.

A Musical Fantasy in Two Acts.

Music Library

Production Staged under the direction of
Richard Carle.

Book by RICHARD CARLE and GUY F. STEELY.
Lyrics by GUY F. STEELY.

Music by
FREDERIC CHAPIN.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

The Bungloo of Baktaria	RICHARD CARLE.
Slimguff, Court Shoemaker and Philosopher at large	GILBERT GREGORY.
Malzadoc, a sorcerer	HENRY NORMAN.
Henrico, his son	EDMUND STANLEY.
Fizzlewitz, Royal Repository of Hard Luck Tales	WILLIAM ROCK.
Limbolio, jailer	ABBOTT ADAMS.
Glumphizz, the power behind the throne	GEORGE ROMAIN.
Gazabo (Court wise men)	FRANK RANDALL.
Gazzazus (Court wise men)	MELVILLE BALDWIN.
Geezer (Court wise men)	WILLIAM BUTTERS.
Nabaker, the poundmaster	FELIX McCLURE.
Helen, the Bungloo's sister	RUTH WHITE.
Violet, the poundmaster's daughter	HARRIET STANDON.
Penelope, Slimguff's wife	JOSIE INTROPIDI.
Peggy, her inquisitive daughter	ETHEL JOHNSON.
Catherine, companion to Helen	IDA STANHOPE.
Angelica (Court ladies)	EULA JENSEN.
Geraldine (Court ladies)	LENA FRANCIS.
Felicia (Court ladies)	KITTY YOUNG.
Christine (Court ladies)	ALBERTA HAYS.
Astoria (Court ladies)	ETHEL INTROPIDI.
Cymbeline (Court ladies)	VIOLET STANLEY.
Guinivere (Court ladies)	OLLIE SULLIVAN.
Pansy	ANNE EVANS.
Rosy (Flower girls)	LOU BRACKETT.
Pinkie (Flower girls)	JESSIE STANLEY.
Daisy (Flower girls)	ROSE LESLIE.
Lillie (Flower girls)	BESSIE VAN NYE.
Poppy (Flower girls)	NELLIE WATERS.
Holly (Flower girls)	ANNA KILDUFF.
Peony (Flower girls)	HATTIE BRENNER.

Grape Gatherers, Henrico's Body-Guard, Owls, Rosalinds, Peasants, Riding Girls, Pages, Harvesters, Peddlers, Hunters, Sorcerers and Soldiers.

ACT I. Gardens of the Bungloo's palace.
ACT II. Scene I. A glade in the forest near the old ruin.
Scene II. The Sorcerer's banquet Hall in the old ruin.

Stage Manager . . . . . George E. Romain.
Musical Director . . . . . Richard Lindsay.

1492769

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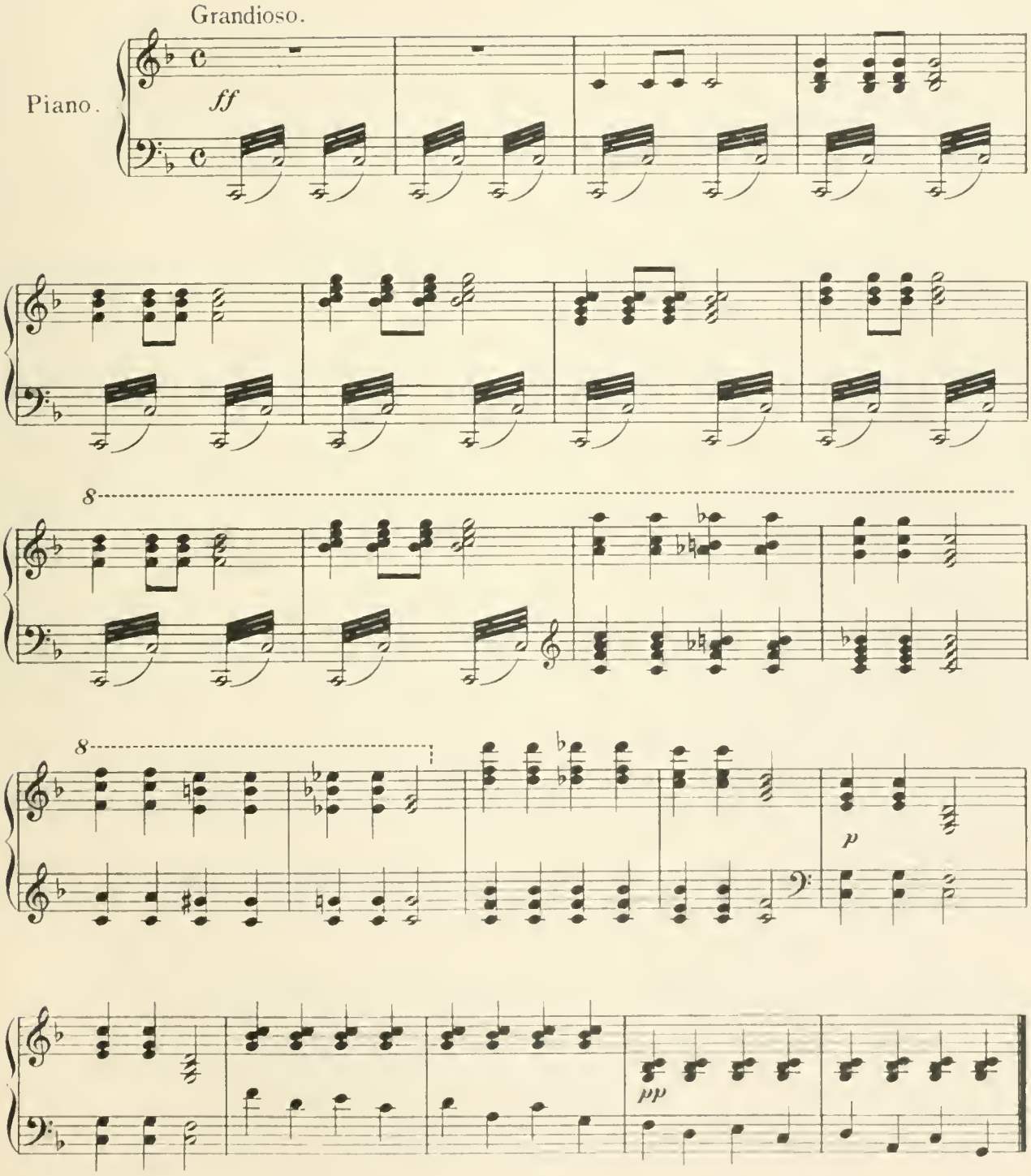
ACT I.

Prelude.

Lyrics by
GUY F. STEELY

Music by
FREDERIC CHAPIN.



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ACT I.

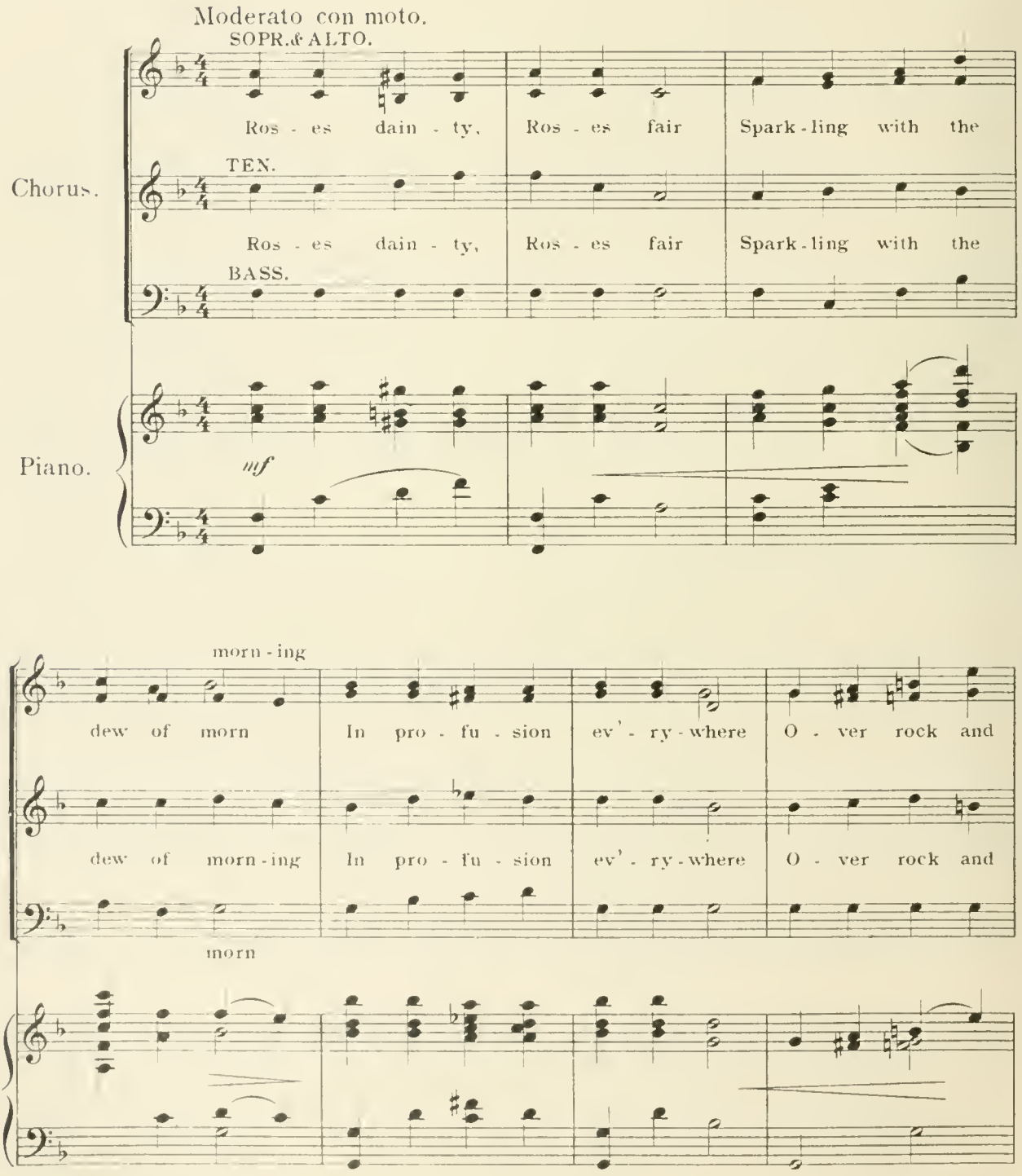
Opening Chorus.

Roses Dainty, Roses Fair.

Violet and Chorus.

Words by
GUY F. STEELY.

Music by
FREDERIC CHAPIN.



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a - dorn - ing

rill a - dorn All the rar - est of the throng We will gath - er

rill a - dorn - ing All the rar - est of the throng We will gath - er

from a mong you

ros - es sweet To pre - sent with wel - come song To our no - ble

ros - es sweet To pre - sent with wel - come song To our no - ble

Bung - loo, To our no - ble Bung - loo, To pre - sent with

Bung - loo, To our no - ble Bung - loo, To pre - sent with

rit. *rit.* *a tempo.*

wel - come song To our no - ble Bung - - - loo.

wel - come song To our no - ble Bung - - - loo.

rit.

p

Ros - es Ros - es With the dew of morn - ing,

Ros - es dain - ty, Ros - es fair Spark - ling with the dew of morn - ing

Ros - es dain - ty, Ros - es fair Spark - ling with the dew of morn

All

p

Ros - es, Ros - es Rock and rill a - dorn - ing.

In pro - fu - sion ev' - ry - where O - ver rock and rill a - dorn - ing

Ros - es ev' - ry - where O - ver rock and rill a - dorn - ing

In pro - fu - sion ev' - ry - where

Ros - es Ros - es Ros - es we will gath - er

All the rar - est of the throng We will gath - er from a - mong you

All the rar - est of the throng Ros - es we will gath - er

To pre - sent wel - come song Ros - - - es

To pre - sent with wel - come song To our no - ble Bung - loo,

To pre - sent with wel - come song To our no - ble Bung - loo,

Ros - - es to Bung - loo,

mf

Ros - es sweet, Wel - come, Wel - come, a

To our no - ble Bung - loo, To pre - sent with wel - come song

To Bung - loo, To pre - sent with wel - come song

To no - ble Bung - loo,

f

wel - come to no - ble Bung - - loo.

To our no - ble Bung - - - loo.

No - ble Bung - - - loo.

To our no - ble Bung - - - loo.

ff

Oh!

Oh!

rit.

sfz *f*

Entrance of Grape Pickers.

Hey! Oh Hey! To beaux and belles so

Hey! Oh Hey! To beaux and belles so

a tempo.

gay. Whose hearts are light as a star - ry night in the

gay. Whose hearts are light as a star - ry night in the

mer - ry month of May. Oh Hey! Oh

mer - ry month of May. Oh Hey! Oh

Hey! We'll sing and dance a - way. Where the

Hey! We'll sing and dance a - way. Where the

kiss is bliss and the wine di - vine As here and there we

kiss is bliss and the wine di - vine As here and there we

stray. Oh Hey! Oh Hey! In fair - y land we'll

stray. Oh Hey! Oh Hey! In fair - y land we'll

stay At the mys - tic shrine of the God of wine, We will

stay At the mys - tic shrine of the God of wine, We will

drive all care a - way. Oh Hey! Oh Hey! Love's

drive all care a - way. Oh Hey! Oh Hey! Love's

f

vows we glad - ly o - bey With eyes that are bright and with

vows we glad - ly o - bey With eyes that are bright and with

1. 2.

hearts that are light on our Is - land gay. Oh Is - - land

hearts that are light on our Is - land gay. Oh Is - - land

1. 2.

ff

gay. Our Is - land, Is - land gay Our Is - land, Is - land gay

gay. Our Is - land, Is - land gay Our Is - land, Is - land gay

ff *stringendo.* *ff*

Is - land, Is - land, Is - - land gay.

Is - land, Is - land, Is - - land gay.

fff *sfz*

Entrance of Violet.

Tempo di Valse moderato.

p *mf* *p* *mf*

VIOLET.

Boun - ti - ful bless - ings a -

rit. *p a tempo.*

round we see O'er us a luck - y star

rit.

O - men of health and pros - per - i - ty Shines on our

a tempo. *rit.*

beau - ti - ful Is - - land There is no com - try up -

ff *p a tempo.*

on the sphere, Near to our isle or a - far

Half so en - chant - ing or near - ly so dear, In the low - -

ff

land, In the high - - land, Half so en - chant - ing or

near - ly so dear As our sun - - ny Isle.

p *rit.*

Grandioso.

CHORUS.

SOPR. & ALTO. VIOL.

Boun - ti - ful bless - ings a - round we see O'er us a

TEN.

Boun - ti - ful bless - ings a - round we see O'er us a

BASS.

ff *rit.*

luck - y star O - men of health and pros -

luck - y star O - men of health and pros -

a tempo.

per - i - ty Shines on our beau - ti - ful Is -

per - i - ty Shines on our beau - ti - ful Is -

land. There is no coun - try up - on this sphere

land. There is no coun - try up - on this sphere

Near to our Isle or a - far Half so en -

Near to our Isle or a - far Half so en -

chant - ing or near - ly as dear, In the low - - land, In the

chant - ing or near - ly as dear, In the land

high - - land, Half as en - chant - ing or near - ly so

In the land, Half as en - chant - ing or near - ly so

dear, In the low — land The high — land, The

dear, In the low — land The high — land, The

ff

low - - land, The high - - land Not half so en -

low - - land, The high - - land Not half so en -

marcato.

chant - ing or near - ly so dear as our bright

chant - ing or near - ly so dear as our bright

ff

fff

beau - - ti - - ful Isle.

beau - - ti - - ful Isle.

Penelope.

Slimguff and Chorus.

Words by
GUY F. STEELY.

Music by
FREDERIC CHAPIN.

Voice.

Piano.

Allegretto.

f

SLIMGUFF.

1. I've dis - cov - ered the fount of e - ter - nal youth, 'Tis called Ho - me - op - a - thy. And it
2. She will tack - le an ail - ment of a - ny sort From mea - sles to rheum - a - tiz. She'll re -

mf

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tastes just like rain - wa - ter, but for - sooth, 'Twill fit a - ny mal - a -
-vive a bald head or re - move a wart No mat - ter on whom it

dy. Each day I de - vour a quart of pills, And I'm
is. Or if you've ac - quir - ed a rail - road spine, Or per-

p *cresc.*

nev - er en - raged by a doc - tor's big bills, For my
chance you are threat - ened with ear - ly de - cline, Let Pen-

mf

wife is the one who pre - scribes to my ills, And I
-el - o - pe dose you and health will be thine, And I'm

CHORUS.

know I shall nev - er die. Yes his wife is the one who pre-
sure you will nev - er die. Let Pen - el - o - pe dose you and

f

scribes for his ills, And he thinks he will nev - er die.
health will be thine, And we're sure you will nev - er die.

sffz *sffz*

1st. time SLIMGUFF.
2nd. time CHORUS.

For there's no doc - tor like Pen - el - o -

p — *ff*

CHORUS. SLIMGUFF.

-pe, Pen - el - - o - pe, No drug con - -

CHORUS.

-coc - ter like Pen - el - o - pe, Pen - el - o - pe,

SLIMGUFF.

If you have fe - ver or if you have shakes, If you are nurs - ing a

p *cresc.*

case of the snakes, No one can cure you of pains and

ff

aches Like sweet_ Pen - el - o - pe. For - pe.

1. CHORUS. 2.

fff *p* *f* *sffz* *D.C.*

Sad is the Whip-poor-will.

DUET.

Helen and Henrico.

Words by
GUY F. STEELY.

Music by
FREDERIC CHAPIN.

Moderato

Voice.

Piano.

f

HELEN. The whip - poor-will sings a
HENRICO. The whip - poor-will sings a

mf

plain - tive song; His heart is bowed with grief. Oh!
sad re - frain; His woe - ful song im - plies. A

rit.

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sings he of love? Or does he long for a cap - tive mate's re-
sor - row like mine for love in vain for a love that fate de-

rit.

lief? The moum-ful la - ment of the whip - poor - will, Is
nies. The notes of the dole - ful bird ex - press The

f accel.

a tempo.

ech - oed with - in my heart; My heart that is ach - ing, My
bur - den that weights my heart; My heart that is ach - ing, My

rit.

a tempo.

heart that is break-ing For a love in a des - o - late cell.
heart that is break-ing For a love that I dare not con - fess.

REFRAIN.

Whip - poor-will, Whip - poor-will,
Whip - poor-will, Whip - poor-will,

HEN. All hope-less at my lot re -
HEL. All hope-less at his lot re -

p

HEL. Whip - poor - will, Whip - poor - will,
HEN. Whip - poor - will, Whip - poor - will,

pin - ing HEN. I
pin - ing HEL. He

p

lan - guish in these walls con - fin - ing.
lan - guish - es in walls con - fin - ing.

rit.

HEL. Ah! it is the pris - on - er I hear him; Would that
HEN. Ah! it is my loved one; yes, she hears me Would that

I for - ev - er might be near him.
she for - ev - er might be near me,

Speak - ing words of love to cheer him, As we list to the whip - poor-
Speak - ing words of love to cheer me, As we list to the whip - poor-

ff

will. HEL. Whip - poor-will,
will. HEN. Whip - poor-will,

HEN. Whip - poor-will, Whip - poor-will,
HEL. Whip - poor-will, Whip - poor-will,

HELEN.

Whip - poor-will, As we list to the whip - poor - will.
Whip - poor-will, As we list to the whip - poor - will.

HENRICO.

As we list to the whip - poor - will.
As we list to the whip - poor - will.

rit. *p* *f a tempo.*

D.S.

Diplomacy.

Entrance of Bungloo in Portable Throne.

Words by
GUY F. STEELY.

Music by
FREDERIC CHAPIN.

Piano.

f

1.

2. GIRLS.

Pleasant morn-ing high and no-ble Ru-ler ex-cel-lent and kind

BUNGLOO.

Such sur-

2.

p

And

pris-ing eu-lo-giz-ing, They must have an ax to grind

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may you al - ways have good health and much pros - per - i - ty

This de - vo - tion, To my

We hope your night in per - fect rest and

no - tion, Is but di - plo - ma - cy

mf

peace-ful dreams was spent.

Judg-ing from the way they speak 'Tis a fav-or that they

For we have a slight re-quest to make We know you will con - sent

seek

Just as I thought, A fav - or is sought, A fav - or dis-creet - ly sought

poco rit.

REFRAIN.

Girls 2d time.

When you have some fav - or to re-quest. Let your words in

Solo 1st time.

When you have some fav - or to re-quest. Let your words in

a tempo.

p-ff

su - gar - coats be dressed. Let your lan - guage be mo - las - ses, Feed your

su - gar - coats be dressed. Let your lan - guage be mo - las - ses, Feed your

vic - tims van - i - ty If you long to rule the mass - es Cul - ti -

vic - tims van - i - ty If you long to rule the mass - es Cul - ti -

1. 2.

vate ur - ban - i - -ty Cul - ti - vate ur - ban - i - ty

vate ur - ban - i - ty

1. 2.

rit. *ff* *ff*

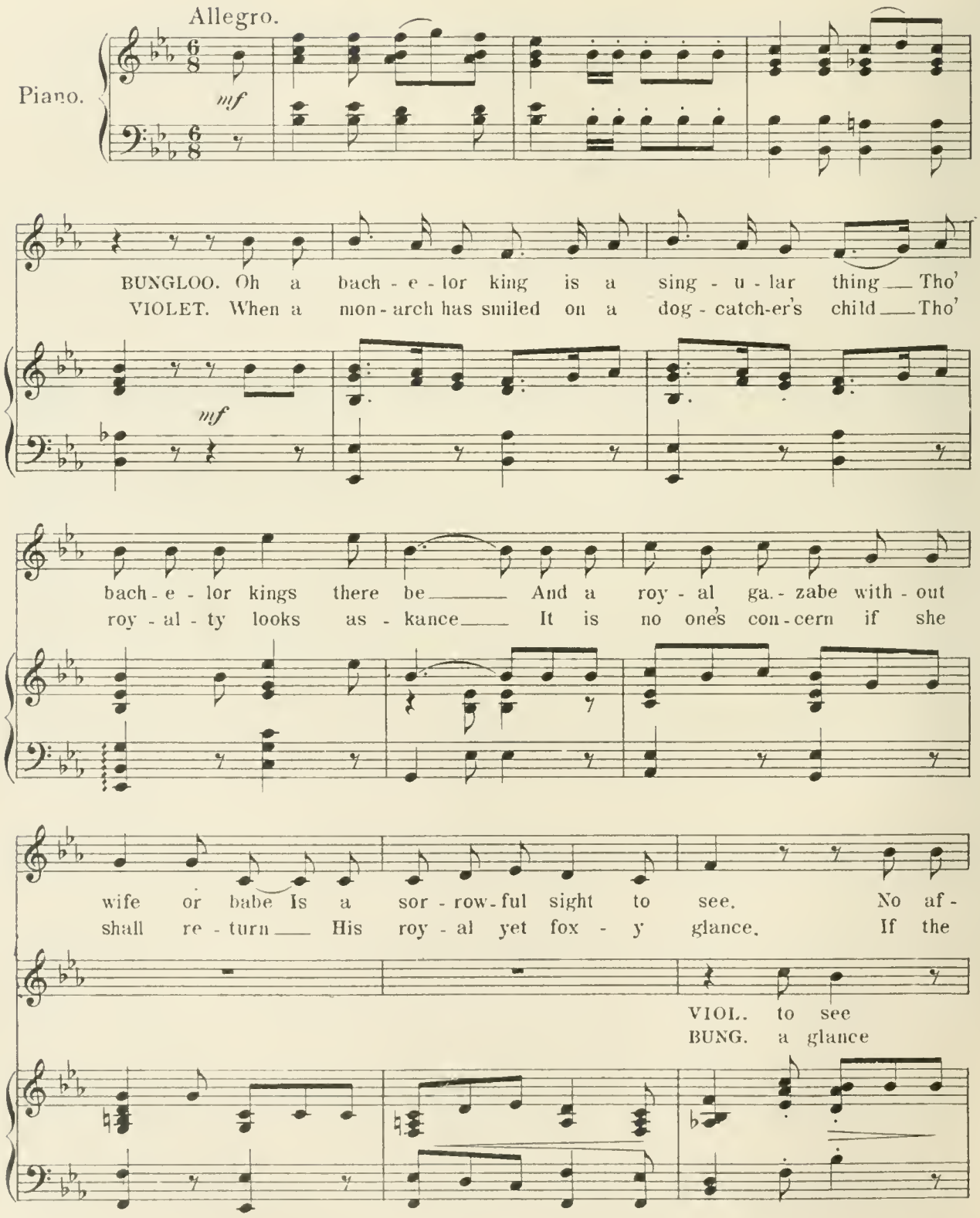
Tootsie, Wootsie.

DUET.

Words by
GUY F. STEELY.

Bungloo and Violet.

Music by
FREDERIC CHAPIN.



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fec - tion-ate hand at his roy - al com - mand—When ac - ci - dent im - por -
roy - al Bung-loo is in - clined— to woo— Con - fess - ing his love to

tunes— To quick - ly at - tach a much need - ed patch To the
me— I'll not hes - i - tate for it is my fate That a

rit.

roy - al pant - a - loons, To the roy - al pant - a - loons.
Bung-loo - ess I shall be. That a Bung-loo-ess I shall be

To the roy - al pant - a - loons.
That a Bung-loo-ess she shall be

a tempo.

mf *f*

REFRAIN.

BUNG. Toot - sie, woot - sie pe - ter ki - loo, Toot - sie, woot - sie I love you,
VIOL. Toot - sie, woot - sie pe - ter ki - loo, Toot - sie, woot - sie I love you,

p

Toot - sie, woot - sie bar-ber - y boo, Will you be my toot - sie woot - sie?
Toot - sie, woot - sie bar-ber - y boo, Will you be my toot - sie woot - sie?

VIOL. Toot - sie, woot - sie pet - er ki - loo Toot - sie, woot - sie
BUNG. Toot - sie, woot - sie pet - er ki - loo Toot - sie, woot - sie

Dialogue.

I love you Toot - sie, woot - sie bar - ber - y boo.
I love you Toot - sie, woot - sie bar - ber - y boo.

Dialogue.

BUNG.
Together.

Will you be my lit - tle toot - sie woo?

VIOL.

I will be your lit - tle toot - sie woo.

f

DANCE.

p

p

f

sf

We Are Strolling Peddlers.

Malzadoc and Peddlers.

Words by
GUY F. STEELY.

Music by
FREDERIC CHAPIN.

Allegro.

Piano.

p

mf

MALZ.

We're a rov - ing band of ped - dlers and Our
We have no a - bode ex - cept the road; We

p

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MALZ.

stores are on our backs. We have
tramp through vale and bog. We are

CHORUS.

Buy, Buy, Buy, Buy, Buy, Buy.
Buy, Buy, Buy, Buy, Buy, Buy.

Moderato.

mf

Tempo I.

ev - 'ry - thing, from a dia - mond ring to a pack - age of car - pet
oft at night Put to has - ty flight by an o - ver - ly zeal - ous

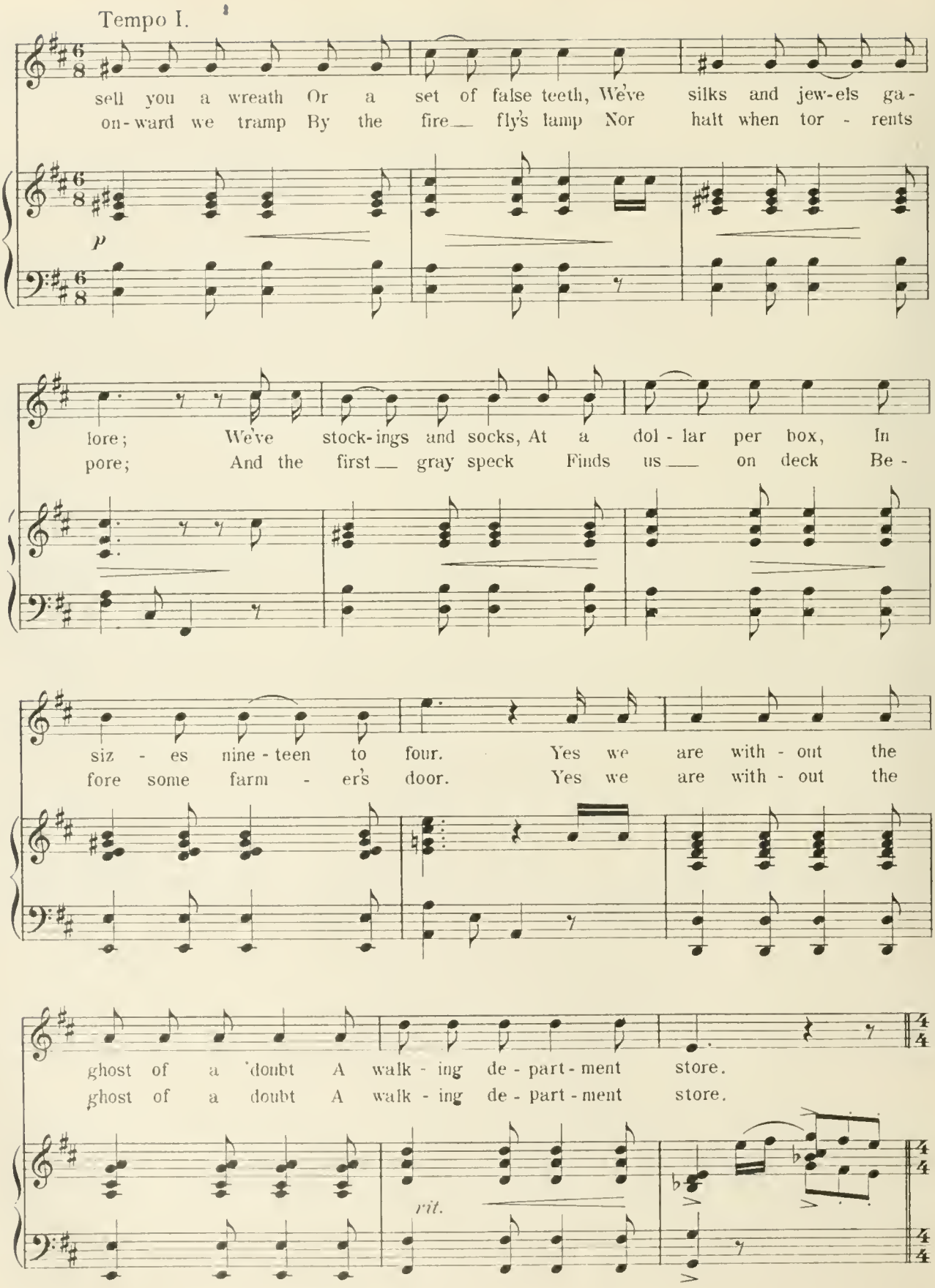
p

MALZ.

tacks. We'll
dog. But

CHORUS.

Buy, Buy, Buy, Buy, Buy, Buy.
Buy, Buy, Buy, Buy, Buy, Buy.


Tempo I.
sell you a wreath Or a set of false teeth, We've silks and jew-els ga-
on-ward we tramp By the fire fly's lamp Nor halt when tor - rents
p
lore; We've stock-ings and socks, At a dol - lar per box, In
pore; And the first gray speck Finds us on deck Be -
siz - es nine - teen to four. Yes we are with - out the
fore some farm - er's door. Yes we are with - out the
ghost of a doubt A walk - ing de - part - ment store.
ghost of a doubt A walk - ing de - part - ment store.
rit.

Moderato.

Tempo di Marcia.

2d time Chorus.

For we are stroll - ing

Buy, Buy, Buy, Buy, Buy, Buy.

Buy, Buy, Buy, Buy, Buy, Buy.

Moderato.

Tempo di Marcia.

mf

p - f

CHO. MALZ. CHO. MALZ.

Ped - dlers, Ped - dlers, Ped - dlers, Ped - dlers, We're con - sid - ered

CHO. MALZ. CHO. MALZ.

med - dlers, med - dlers, med - dlers, med - dlers, And we have no

home or bed; Nev - - er known to spend a

CHO.

red. O'er the land we're stroll - ing, stroll - ing,

MALZ. CHO. MALZ. CHO.

stroll - ing, stroll - ing, Where the hills are roll ing, roll - ing,

MALZ. CHO. MALZ.

roll - ing, roll - ing; Trudg - ing on - ly night and day.

1. CHO. 2.

Just a band of stroll - ing ped - dlers on our way. For way.

sfz

Flirty Little Gertie.

Words and Music by RICHARD F. CARLE. arr. by FREDERIC CHAPIN.

Moderato.

Piano.

f

Now Ger-tie was a mod-est lit-tle maid, But a-las you could-n't make the peo-ple think so. For day And di-rect-ly op-po-site there was a cu-rate, Whose bused And so she had the cu-rate's wife a-rest-ed; Ap-

p

they be-lieved she was a sau-cy jade And all be-cause they saw Miss Ger-tie jeal-ous wife was o-ver-heard to say "A-dolph-us it's a shame, I won't en- pol-o-gies were of-fered, but re-fused For Ger-tie vowed she'd have the mat-ter

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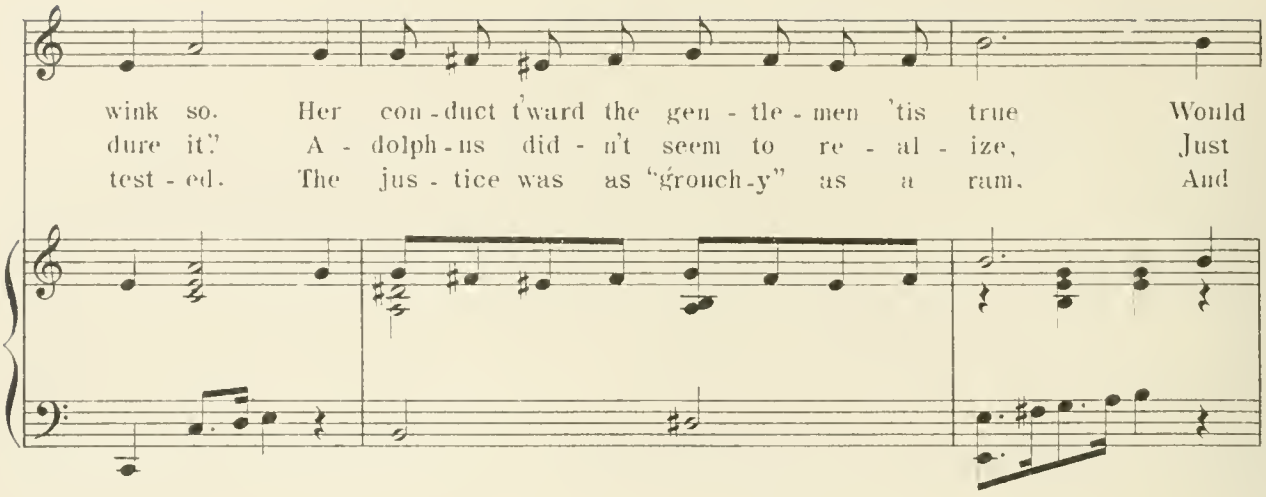
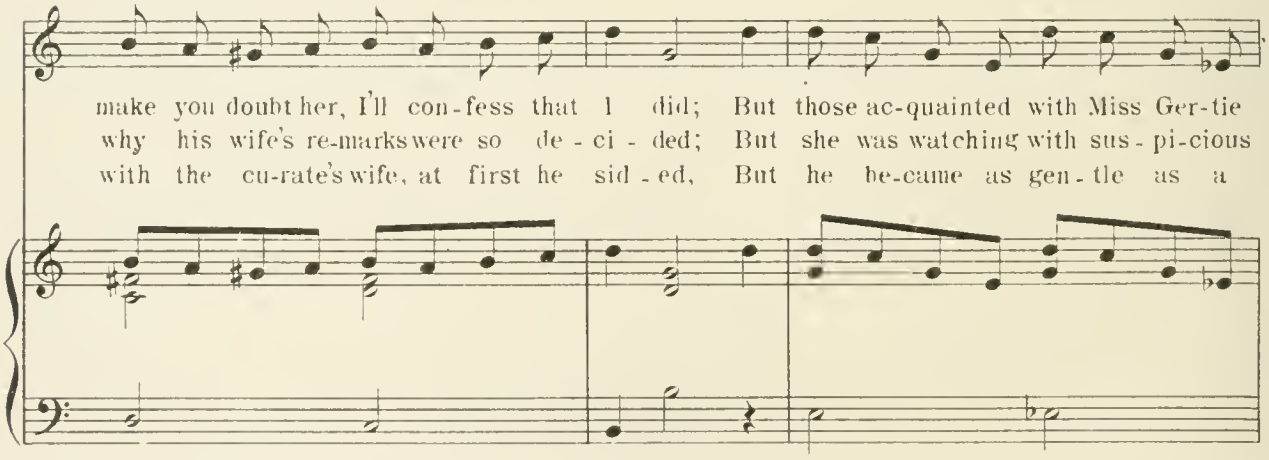
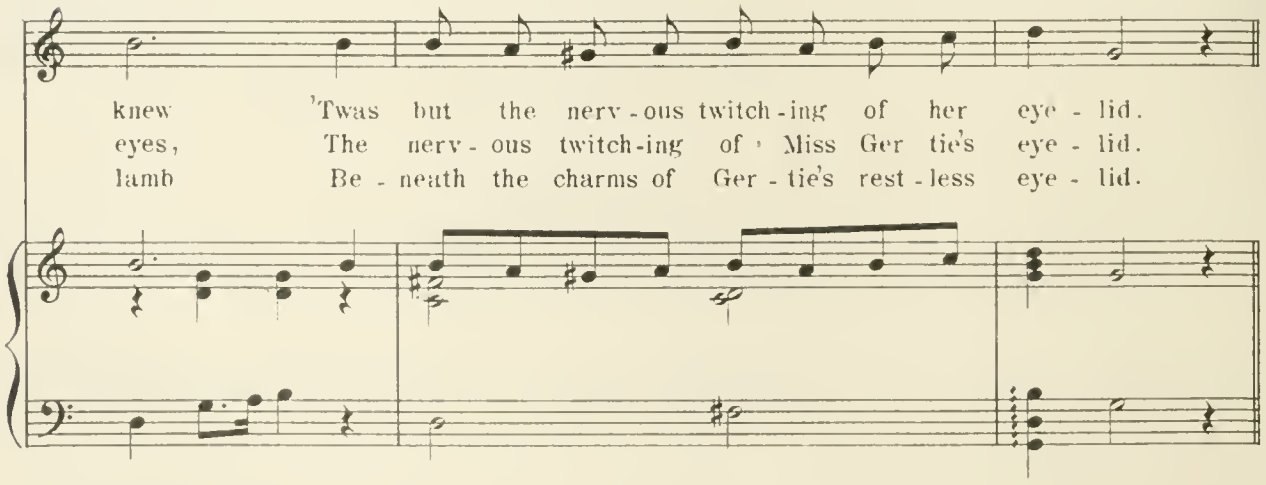

wink so. Her con-duct t'ward the gen-tle-men 'tis true Would
dure it." A-dolph-us did-n't seem to re-al-ize, Just
test-ed. The jus-tice was as "grouch-y" as a ram. And


make you doubt her, I'll con-fess that I did; But those ac-quainted with Miss Ger-tie
why his wife's re-marks were so de-ci-ded; But she was watching with sus-pi-cious
with the cu-rate's wife, at first he sid-ed, But he be-came as gen-tle as a


knew 'Twas but the nerv-ous twitch-ing of her eye-lid.
eyes, The nerv-ous twitch-ing of Miss Ger-tie's eye-lid.
lamb Be-neath the charms of Ger-tie's rest-less eye-lid.

REFRAIN.

Flirt - y lit - tle Ger - tie Cap - tured ful - ly thir - ty
Flirt - y lit - tle Ger - tie Did - n't mean to hurt the
Flirt - y lit - tle Ger - tie Smiled at him so pert - ly

p - f

Chap - pies ev' - ry sin - gle day Who were nev - er think - ing
Feel - ings of the cu - rate's wife. She was un - a - ware that
That it made the jus - tice think He might then im - press her

When they saw her wink - ing That her eye was built that way.
La - dy's an - gry glare at Her be - tok - ened war and strife.
How was he to guess her Op - tic nerve was on the blink?

Al - gy, Claude and Ber - tie All are fond of Ger - tie, Swear that she's the best in
But the wife sus-pi - cious In a tem-per vi - cious Mu - ti - lat - ed Ger - tie's
First he fined the la - dy For her con-duct sha - dy Ord - ered her to leave the

town. A - ny one she chooses to, She could make pro-pose to
gown. Ere her rage dim - in - ished She had near - ly fin - ished
town. Then ad-journed the court to Furn - ish fun and sport to

1. 2.

Flirt - y lit - tle Ger - tie Brown. Brown.
Flirt - y lit - tle Ger - tie Brown. Brown.
Flirt - y lit - tle Ger - tie Brown. Brown.

sfz

What! Mary?

THE CHEWING-GUM SONG.

Bungloo and Chorus of Wise Men.

Words by
GUY F. STEELY.

Music by
FREDERIC CHAPIN.

Piano.

mf Allegretto.

BUNG.

Ma - ry had a stick of gum, it
At last a dea - con put her out, but
Ma - ry chewed her gum one night while

p *Till ready.*

p

CHORUS. BUNG.

was of rub - ber made. What! Ma - - ry? Yes, Ma - - ry. And
Ma - ry was quite cool. What! Ma - - ry? Yes, Ma - - ry. Com -
at the thea - ter too. What! Ma - - ry? Yes, Ma - - ry. And

mf *p*

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CHORUS.

ev - 'ry - where that Ma - ry went the gum with Ma - ry stayed. What!
- pla - cent - ly she chewed her gum out in the ves - ti - bule. What!
ev' - ry time the vil - lain spoke her jaws the fast - er flew. What!

mf

BUNG.

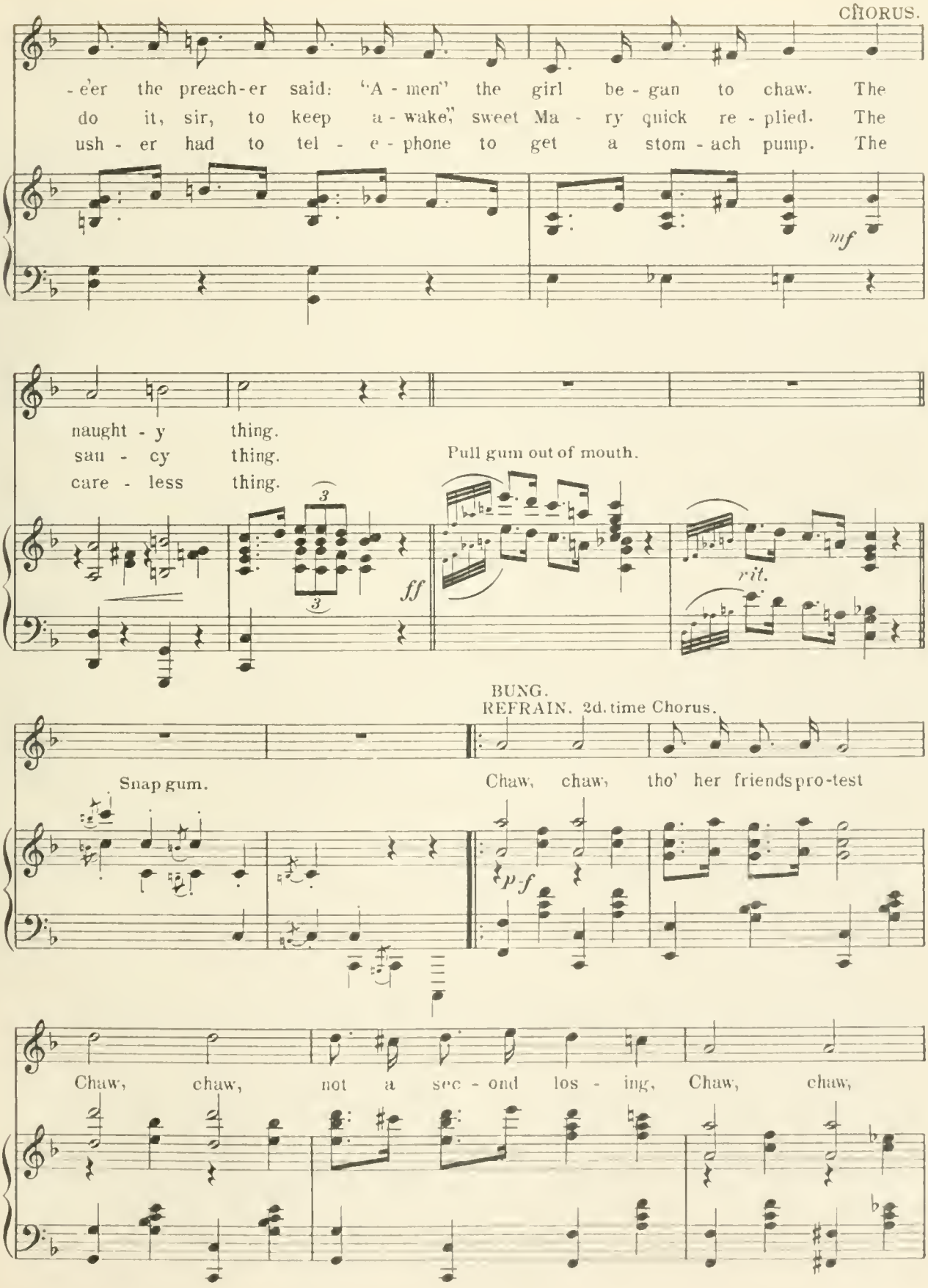
Ma - - ry? Yes, Ma - - ry. She chewed it in the church one day which
Ma - - ry? Yes, Ma - - ry. "What makes the girl so prone to chew?" the
Ma - - ry? Yes, Ma - - ry. And when the he - ro shot the rogue, poor

p

CHORUS. BUNG.

was a-gainst the law, What! Ma - - ry? Yes, Ma - - ry. When-
an - gry preach-er cried. What! Ma - - ry? Yes, Ma - - ry. "I
Ma - - ry gave a jump, What! Ma - - ry? Yes, Ma - - ry. An

f *mf* *p*


CHORUS.
-e'er the preach-er said: "A-men" the girl be-gan to chaw. The
do it, sir, to keep a-wake," sweet Ma-ry quick re-plied. The
ush-er had to tel-e-phone to get a stom-ach pump. The
mf
naught-y thing.
sau-cy thing.
care-less thing.
Pull gum out of mouth.
ff
rit.
BUNG.
REFRAIN. 2d. time Chorus.
Snap gum.
Chaw, chaw, tho' her friends pro-test
p-f
Chaw, chaw, not a sec-ond los-ing, Chaw, chaw,

when she goes to rest Sticks it on the bed - post,

leaves it while a - snooz - ing, Chaw, chaw, chaw with all her heart,

Chaw, chaw, is - n't it a - mus - ing? Chaw, chaw,

naught but death can part Ma - ry and her chew-ing gum. gum.

1. 2.

sfz

Finale I.

Bungloo, Helen, Henrico and Chorus.

Words by
GUY F. STEELY

Music by
FREDERIC CHAPIN.

Allegro

Piano.

f

sfz

BUNG.

You've made a great mis - take For - bear for pit - y's sake, Tho'

p

plots a - round me thick - en, You'll find I'm no spring chick-en. This

pag - eant-ry's a pack Of vil - lains bold and black And tho' I've fea-thers

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CHORUS. BUNG.

on my back, I am the great Bung-loo. You're who? Bung-

rit. *a tempo.* *mf*

CHORUS. BUNG. CHORUS. BUNG.

-loo! Our rul-er great Bung-loo. 'Tis true. We knew. Your

cresc.

CHORUS.

rul-er great Bung-loo. Ah! — Ha ha He says he is the

f

Spoken.

great Bung-loo. Ha! ha!

ff

Lively.

CHORUS.

SOP. & ALTO.

ff

Your claim's au-da-cious and un-true, You're not the great Bung-loo, not you, You are an aw-ful scare-crow, So fly a-way now do. You can't fool us we're on to you, You're no re-la-tion to Bung-loo, You're not our rul-er great Bung-loo, So shoo! shoo! shoo! Your shoo!

TEN.

ff

Your claim's au-da-cious and un-true, You're not the great Bung-loo, not you, You are an aw-ful scare-crow, So fly a-way now do. You can't fool us we're on to you, You're no re-la-tion to Bung-loo, You're not our rul-er great Bung-loo, So shoo! shoo! shoo! Your shoo!

BASS.

ff

Lively.

ff

1. 2.

sfz

Tempo di Valse, Moderato.

p

HELEN.

Woe and sor- row have

rit. *a tempo.* *mf* *rit.*

gone from me For Hen- ri - co's free Up a-

a tempo.

CHORUS.

bove in the sky Shines the star of love. Shines the

rit.

HELEN.

star of love up on high, 'Tis the en-sign of ec - - sta - -

accel. *a tempo.*

- cy Bring - ing love to me sweet-est love

Bring-ing to me, to me.

CHORUS.

Love to me.

Love to me.

f *rit. mf*

Tell us this sim-ple se-cret of love, sweet-est love,

CHORUS.

HELEN.

Tell us this sim - - ple love. Skies are clear - ing, joys are

Tell us this love, sweet-est love.

Tell us this sim - - ple love.

fff

Tell us this sim-ple se-cret of love, sweet-est love.

CHO.

HELEN.

near - - ing, Tell us this sim - - ple love. Love re-

Tell us this love, sweet-est love.

Tell us this sim - - ple love.

fff

quit - - ed, Hearts u - nit - - ed

p

rit.

ff *a tempo.*

CHORUS.

Woe and sor - row no more shall be For Hen - ri - -

Woe and sor - row no more shall be For Hen - ri - -

rit. *a tempo.*

co's free Up a - bove in the sky Shines the

co's free Up a - bove in the sky

Up a - bove in the sky

star of love. 'Tis the en-sign of ec - -

Shines the star of love up on high. 'Tis the en-sign of ec - -

rit. *accel.* *a tempo.*

- sta - - cy Bring - ing love to me sweet-est

- sta - - cy Bring - ing love to me sweet-est

accel.

love, Bring-ing to me, to me Rap-ture and bliss

love, Bring-ing to me, to me Rap-ture and bliss

accel. *f* *ff*

ec-sta - cy

to me, Bring-ing to me, Bring-ing me, ec-sta - cy. 'Tis the

to me, Bring-ing to me, ec - sta - cy 'Tis the

Bring-ing me, ec-sta - cy.

ff

en - sign of love's ec - sta - cy 'Tis the en - sign of

en - sign of love's ec - sta - cy, 'Tis the en - sign of love, 'Tis the en - sign of

rit.

love, of love's ec - sta - - cy.

love, of love's ec - sta - - cy.

Allegro.

fff

Allegro.

accel.

ff

Enter Soldiers.

CHORUS.

ff

We're brave and gal-lant sol-diers of the King So read - y to

ff

We're brave and gal-lant sol-diers of the King So read - y to

ff

ff *marcato.*

do and dare When bu - gles sum-mon, to arms we

do and dare When bu - gles sum-mon, to arms we

spring In the face of the can - non's glare. But

spring In the face of the can - non's glare. But

the can-non's glare.

when in bat-tle be-fore the en-e-my The toc-sins with an-ger

when in bat-tle be-fore the en-e-my The toc-sins with an-ger

ring Then you will hear us, cheer us, on to vic-to-

ring Then you will hear us, cheer us, on to vic-to-

of the

ry We're the sol-diers, sol-diers of the King. Hip hoo-rah! Hip hoo-rah!!

ry We're the sol-diers, sol-diers of the King. Hip hoo-rah! Hip hoo-rah!!

sfz

Entrance of Henrico.

Grandioso.

ff

ff

Tempo di Marcia.

f

HENRICO.

We are sol - diers brave and

mf

HENRICO.

peer - less, As our rai - ments show We are gal - lant men and

Chorus of Soldiers.

As our rai - ments show

fear - less, Of the wild - est foe But it's out on dress pa -

Of the wild - est foe

- rade That our shrewd - est plans are laid When seig - ing hearts of

pa - rade are laid

f

will - ing beaux. And we love the mu - sic

They all sup - pose we will pro - - pose.

mf

stir - ring, yes in - deed we do, And the sound of bul - lets

Yes in - deed we do.

whir - ring, That is ver - y true, And we like the smell of

That is ver - y true

smoke That would make ci - vil - ians choke For we're dar - ing sol-diers through and

of smoke yes choke

f

through. They ring

When the drums and the cym-bals ring With our swords in the air we

rit.

We sing, make way, make way, For the sol-diers of the

ALL.

sing Yes make way, Yes make way, For the sol-diers of the

ff

rit.

1st. time Solo.

HENRICO. *a tempo.*

King. We're brave and gal - lant sol-diers of the King So read - y to

Chorus 2d. time only.

CHORUS.

King. brave and gal-lant sol diers of the King So read - y to

King. brave and gal-lant sol diers of the King So read - y to

sfz *p-* *-ff marcato.*

do and dare When bu - gles sum-mon to arms we spring, In the

do and dare When bu - gles sum-mon to arms we spring, In the

do and dare When bu - gles sum-mon to arms we spring, In the

face of the can-nons' glare. But when in bat-tle be-fore the en-e-

face of the can-nons' glare. But when in bat-tle be-fore the en-e-

face of the can-nons' glare. But when in bat-tle be-fore the en-e-

the cannons' glare.

-my The toc-sins with an-ger ring Then you will

-my The toc-sins with an-ger ring ta ta ra ta ta ta ra Then you will

-my The toc-sins with an-ger ring Then you will

hear us cheer us on to vic - to - ry We're the sol - diers of the

hear us cheer us on to vic - to - r We're the sol - diers, sol-diers of the

hear us cheer us on to vic - to - ry We're the sol - diers, sol-diers of the

King. We're

King, Hip hoo-rah Hip hoo- We're rah!

King, Hip hoo-rah Hip hoo- We're rah!

ff *sfz* *ff*

Tempo di Valse.

CHORUS.

Woe and sor - row no more shall be For Hen - ri - -

Woe and sor - row no more shall be For Hen - ri - -

ff *a tempo.*

- co's free Up a - bove in the sky Shines the

- co's free Up a - bove in the sky

Up a - bove in the sky

star of love 'Tis the en-sign of ec - -

Shines the star of love up a - bove. 'Tis the en-sign of ec - -

accel. *rit.* *a tempo.*

-sta - - cy Bring - ing love to me sweet-est

-sta - - cy Bring - ing love to me sweet-est

love, Bring-ing to me, to me, Rap-ture and bliss

love, Bring-ing to me, to me, Rap-ture and bliss

accelerando.

Bring-ing to me ec-sta - cy.

to me Bring-ing now ec-sta - cy'Tis the

to me Bring-ing to me ec-sta - cy. 'Tis the

Bring-ing now ec-sta - cy.

ff *ff* *sffz*

en-sign of love, 'tis the en-sign of love's ec-sta-cy May the

en-sign of love, 'tis the en-sign of love's ec-sta-cy, 'Tis the en-sign of love May the

rit. *a tempo.*

bright star of love in the Heav-ens a-bove, shine for-ev-er-more.

bright star of love in the Heav-ens a-bove, shine for-ev-er-more.

fff

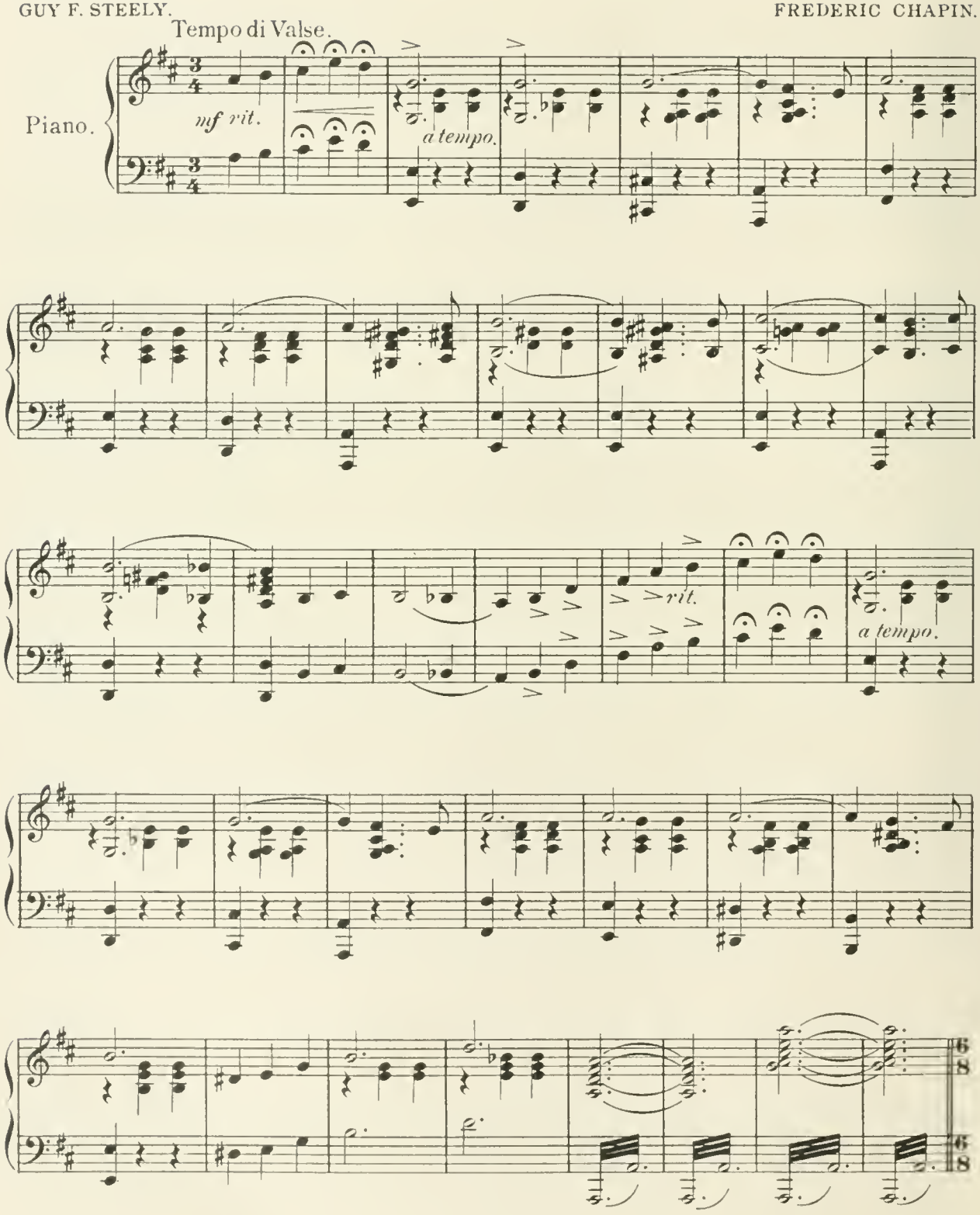
Slow.

f *ff* *sff*

Prelude.

Words by
GUY F. STEELY.

Music by
FREDERIC CHAPIN.



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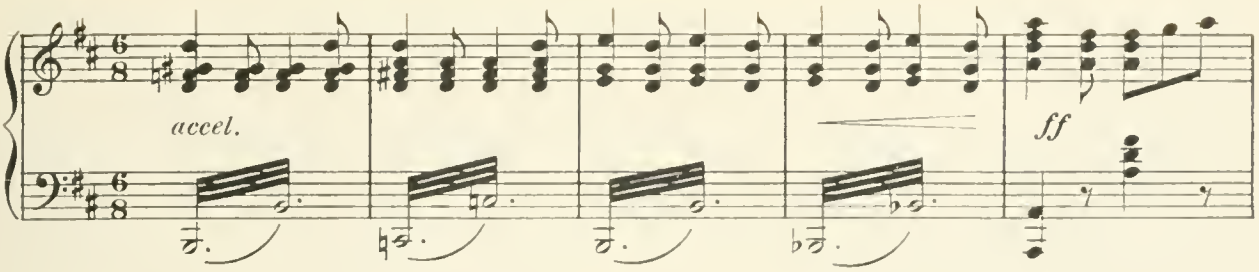
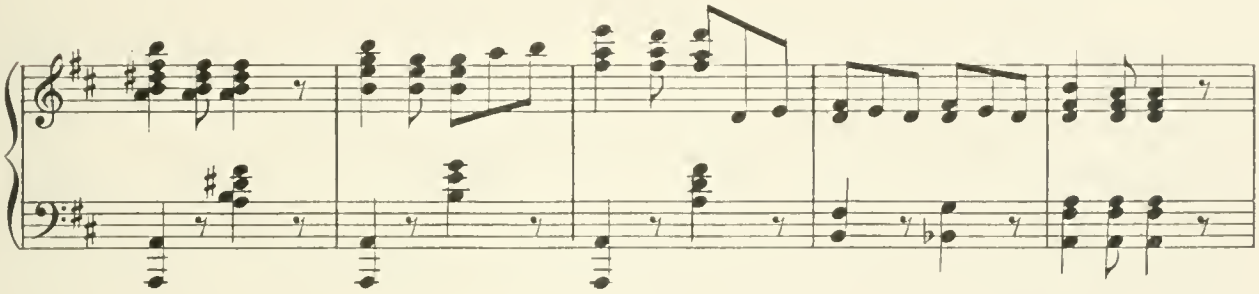
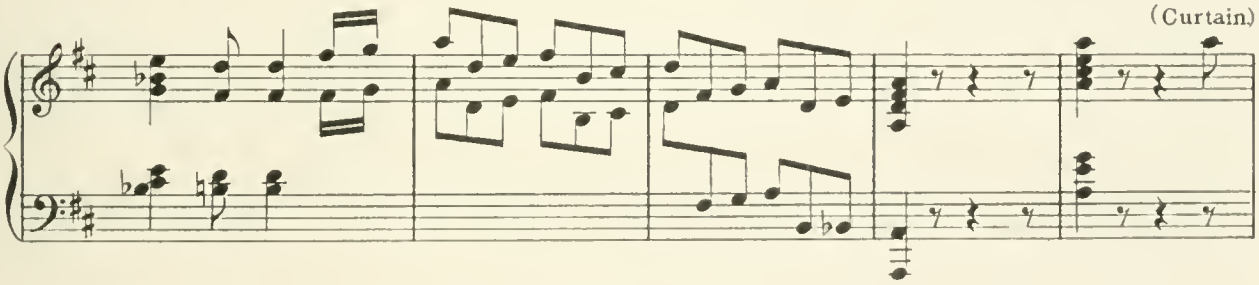
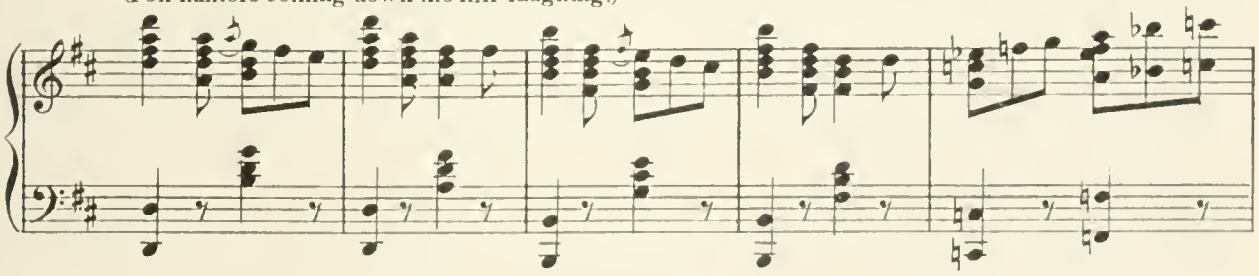
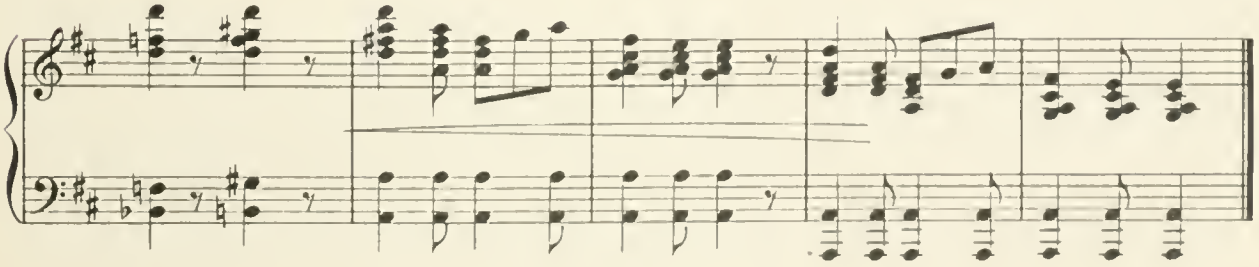






(Fox hunters coming down the hill laughing.)





Opening Chorus.

Heigh Ho!! Heigh Ho!! Heigh Ho!!
CHORUS OF FOX HUNTERS.

Words by
GUY F. STEELY.

Music by
FREDERIC CHAPIN.

Piano.

f

MALE CHORUS.

TEN.

BASS.

We are rol-lick-ing hun-ters so- jol-ly and gay With noth-ing of wor-ry and

(hands to mouth.)

care Heigh ho! As we

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gal - lop a - way at the peep of the day, While bu - gles tri - umph - ant - ly

(hands to mouth.)

blare. Heigh ho!! When the

rit. *a tempo.*

whim - per - ing hounds with their bel - low and bray So eag - er - ly fol - low the

trail ——— With a bound we're a - way to the thick of the fray O'er

mea - dows and hill-lock and dale Heigh Ho!! Heigh Ho!! Heigh Ho!!

(hands to mouth.) (Echo.) (Horn.)

ff *pp*

The bu-gles so mer- ri - ly blow, Heigh Ho! As

ff

off to the wood-lands we go Heigh Ho! As can-ter-ing, ban-ter-ing rol-lick-ing, frol-lick-ing

Off to the wood-lands we go — Heigh Ho! Heigh Ho!

Allegretto.

mf

8 *loco.*

OWLS.

SOP.

Hop - ping hith - er, hop - ping thith - er mer - ry, mer - ry owl - ets

ALTO.

eyes a - gleam - ing Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!

Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Prowl - ing in all

kinds of weath - er Mer - ry, mer - ry owl - ets fond of scream - ing.

Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!

Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! While the world is sound - ly sleep - ing, In - to cor - ners

we are peep-ing, Hop-ping hith-er hop-ping thith-er, Pret-ty lit-tle owl-ets

rit. *a tempo.*

eyes a-beam-ing Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!

Whoo!

accelerando. *sfz*

Tempo I.

f

rit.

OWLS.

SOP.

Hunts - men in their sport - ive ram-bling Fill us with no fear and trem - bling,

ALTO.

Allegretto.

mf

HUNTSMEN.

TEN. (*Softly.*)

Pret - ty lit - tle owl - ets run a - way

BASS.

So run a - way.

rit.

OWLS.

SOP.

And there is suf - fi - cient rea - son We are al - ways out of sea - son

ALTO.

f

HUNTSMEN.

Pret - ty lit - tle owl - ets sleep - ing. Pret - ty lit - tle owl - ets peep - ing

accelerando. *rit.*

OWLS & HUNTERS.

Pret - ty lit - tle owl - ets creep - ing Have no fear.

accelerando. *f*

HUNTERS & OWLS.

SOP. & ALTO.

TEN.

The woods are quite length - y and

BASS.

ff *pp* *ff*

unis.

For owls and fox hun - ters too. Whoo! Whoo!

am - ply deep. Heigh ho!

Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! While neith-er is 'traid of the oth-er 'tis true.

A-

way from each oth - er they keep Heigh ho!

Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!

Whoo!

When the bu - gle sounds and the bay - ing hounds Are hot _ up - on the

rit. *a tempo.*

The hun - ters aim _ for bet - ter game, And owls _ are quite _ con -

scent. _

tent.

Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!

Heigh ho! Heigh ho! Heigh ho!

ff *pp*

unis.

Whoo! The bu-gles so mer-ri-ly blow Heigh ho As off to the wood-lands they

The bu-gles so mer-ri-ly blow Heigh ho As off to the wood-lands we

go, Heigh ho! As can-ter-ing, ban-ter-ing, rol-lick-ing, frol-lick-ing

go, Heigh ho! As can-ter-ing, ban-ter-ing, rol-lick-ing, frol-lick-ing

Off to the wood-lands they go, Heigh ho! Heig ho!

Off to the wood-lands we go, Heigh ho! Heig ho!

ff

sf

Sorrow is Mine.

VIOLET.

Words by
GUY F. STEELY.

Music by
FREDERIC CHAPIN.

Andante.

Voice.

Piano.

VIOLET.

Sor - row is mine with
Hop - less am I with

no one to cheer me _____ And vain are my plead-ings,
none to ad-vise me _____ And friends who might aid, can-

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no one can hear me For - sak - - en by
not re - cog-nize me Oh, why must I

fate, By sor - - cer - y changed;
stay A crea - - ture of flight,

mf

Fash-ioned in form de - gen - er - ate; From friends e - -
Doomed to a life of dark-ness by day, A spook at

REFRAIN.

stranged. Ex - iled from loved ones and home
night?

rit. *p*

Sorrow is mine,

Des - tined for - ev - er to roam No one be - side me

When woes be - tide me; Such is my wretch - ed doom

mf *accel.*

Lost in a des - o - late waste Cast a-mong crea - tures de -

based. Here I must dwell, Till Gods dis - pel

p

Sorrow is mine.

Sor - rows up - on me placed Sor - row is mine with

p

no one to cheer me Vain are my plead-ings,

no one can hear me Sor row and

rit.

woe! Sor - - row and woe!

pp

The Fisher and the Mermaid.

A DEEP SEA ROMANCE.

Helen and Chorus.

Words by
GUY F. STEELY.

Music by
FREDERIC CHAPIN.

Allegretto.

Piano.

p

legato.

HELEN.

Near a sun - ny is-land in the
When the mer - maid saw the fish-er's

p

pearl - y spray, On a reef sat a mer-maid fair one day.
hook and line, Way down deep — a - hang-ing in the brine.

rit.

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Ah!

CHORUS.

Ah!

a tempo.

When a hand - some fish - er in a boat she spied
With a shout she cried "my love to me I'll bring,

With deep love for him she cried.
For I have him on a string."

Ah!

Ah!

When she de - clared her
Quick - ly she pulled him

mf

love He gave his boat a
down Strange - ly he did not

With a hope - less sigh
By his hook and line

shove Turned a - way from her his head,
drown Jew - els gleamed on ev' - ry side

Cold - ly waved good bye
Un - der - neath the brine

Down she sank in o - ceans bed As she dis - ap-peared she said.
She was grace per - son - i - fied So the luck-y fish - er cried.

As she dis - ap-peared she said.
So the luck-y fish - er cried.

sfz

REFRAIN.
1st Helen,—2d Chorus.

Fond love, true love, live with me be - neath the sea—

p - f

CHO.

Fond love, true love, Where dev - il fish - es tread. (How jol - ly)

HELEN.

Fond love, true love, We will dwell, in house of shell.—

unis.

1.

Fond love, true love, When the fish-er and the mer-maid wed.

1.

2.

wed.

D.S.

2.

sfz

sfz D.S.

Conversation Picnic Song.

Penelope, Peggy, Glumphizz and Chorus.

Words by
GUY F. STEELY.

Music by
FREDERIC CHAPIN.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

mf

MEN.

Can we help you, pray?

GIRLS.

Yes in - deed you may; While the

We'll pass the plates and han-dle them with

cloth we spread, Crack the ice and cut the bread

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care 'Tis a dain - ty lun-cheon you pre-pare

Be sure you do And am-ple too. Gath-er

a Hunter. MEN.

With one ac - cord (Kind-ly pass the cheese) Cream and

'round the board

su - gar if you please Just like moth - er used to make

PENELOPE.

We'd like some jel - ly cake Don't

Picnic Song.

a Hunter.

Cut me

a Peasant.

eat so much for pit - y's sake. (Some one stole my fork.)

off some pork

PENELOPE.

You are eat - ing more— than your share Pass the

MEN.

And the dev - illed eggs We're as hun-gry as a grizz - ly

frog - gie's legs

Picnic Song.

bear.

PEGGY.

The lem - on - ade's as sour as the ver - y dick - ens

pp

Some one showed dis - re - spect for old

PENELOPE.

Is that all the fault that you can find?

age who kill'd these chickens

GLUMPHIZZ.

There's a

You're ex - ceed - ing - ly mean, Quite the worst we've ev - er seen.

f

long grey whis-ker in the but - ter - ine.

He's hor - rid, girls, oh fie!

mf

PEGGY.

Some one sad down in the pie!

p *mf* *p* *mf*

Way the boys are act - ing.

GIRLS.

It is just a shame the way the boys are act - ing. Way the boys are act - ing.

sfz

DANCE.

mf *pp* *mf* *pp*

mf *mf* *pp*

mf *sfz*

mf

Throw the

Owls appearing.

If they'd on - ly spare to the owls a share. Throw the

mf

birds some scraps, And they'll go a-way per-haps. The best of ev'-ry-thing I've missed to

birds some scraps, And they'll go a-way per-haps.

eat I sup-pose I must if you in-sist.

GIRLS. PENELOPE.

Then have some pie Don't pass it by. (Girls it's

time to go, For the sun is low) Must we leave so soon, Is it

GIRLS.

cresc. *poco* - *a* -

'Tis near-ly eight, and you know that's pret-ty late.

much past noon? Then we must no lon-ger

poco.

May we see you

stay, to-day, so pray a-way, Let's go with-out de-lay

f

home? With-out de-lay.

Please see us home Thank you, sirs, you may.

sfz

Picnic Song.

Song of the Night.

Words by
GUY F. STEELY.

Music by
FREDERIC CHAPIN.

Andante moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

p legato.

1. The
2. The

rit. pp

a tempo (serenade.)

stars are peep - ing from the sky, The sun has low - ered in the west, The
crick - et chirps be - neath a stump, And fair - ies glide a - cross the green; O'er

p

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zeph - yrs sigh a lul - la - by To soothe the lit - tle birds to rest. In
marsh - es damp the mag - ic lamp Of dart - ing fire - - fly is seen. A

rit. *a tempo.*

dis - tant mead - ow sings the lark, The mel - an - chol - y tree - frogcroaks, And
rest - less bird in ter - ror cries, As prowl - ing fox from for - est glides; The

in the dark the glow - worm's spark The wake - ful owl pro -
owl with eyes of dread sur - prise In ink - y crev - ice

rit.

REFRAIN.

vokes.
hides.
A weird and fas - ci - nat - ing song does na - ture

f *increase in tempo.* *a tempo.*

sing When veil of night has fall - en o - ver ev - - 'ry

f increase in tempo. *a tempo.*

thing. When dark-ness deep in for - est dwells, She sings her strang-est

mys - t'ry tune; The se - crets of her heart she tells The

man up in the moon. And low and sweet the

rit. *slow tempo.*

hush - ing winds re - peat The part - ing lay of dy - ing day As

a tempo.

shad - ows fade from sight. And low and sweet the

rit. *p* *slow tempo.*

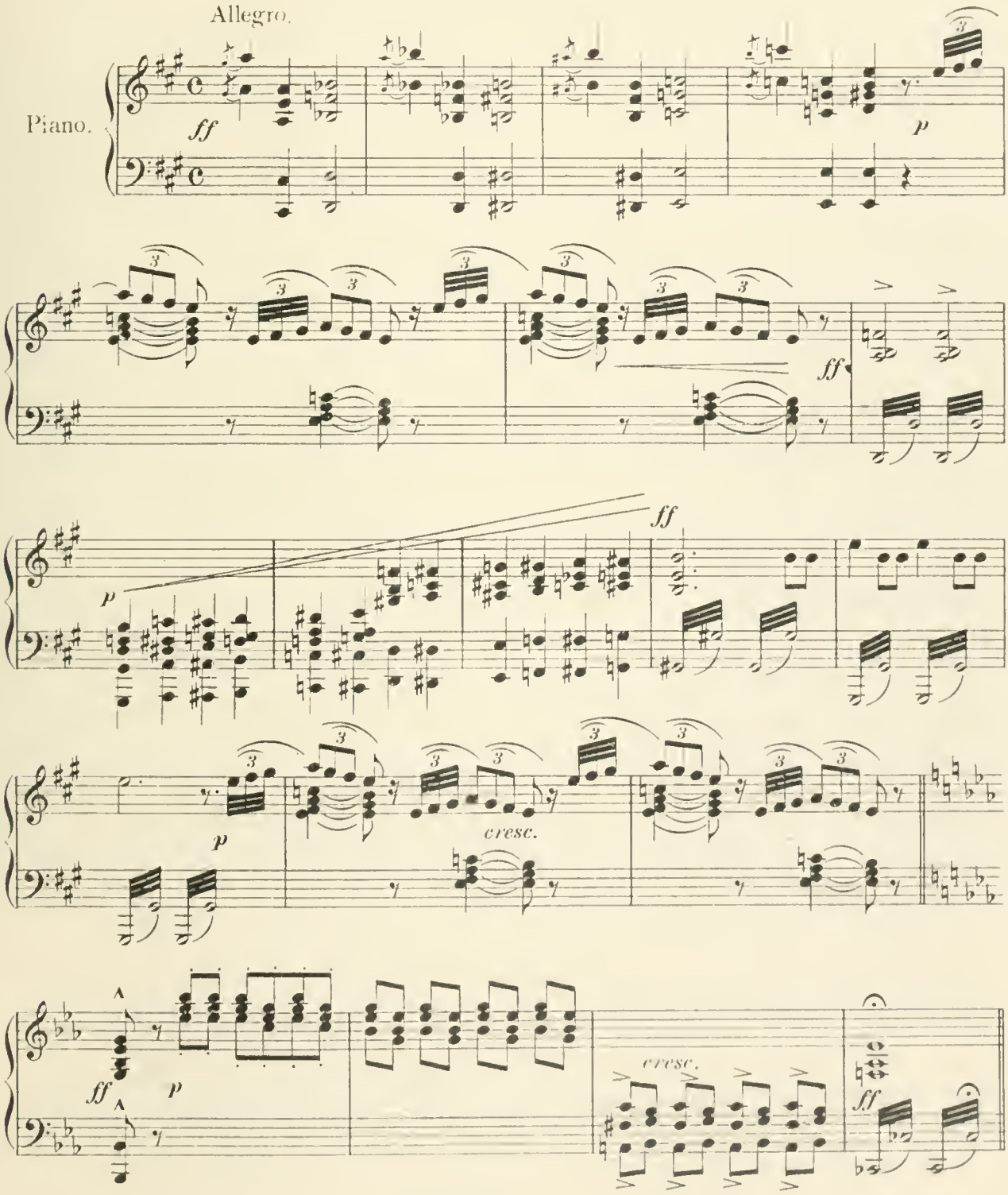
hush - ing winds re - peat The part - ing lay of dy - ing day The

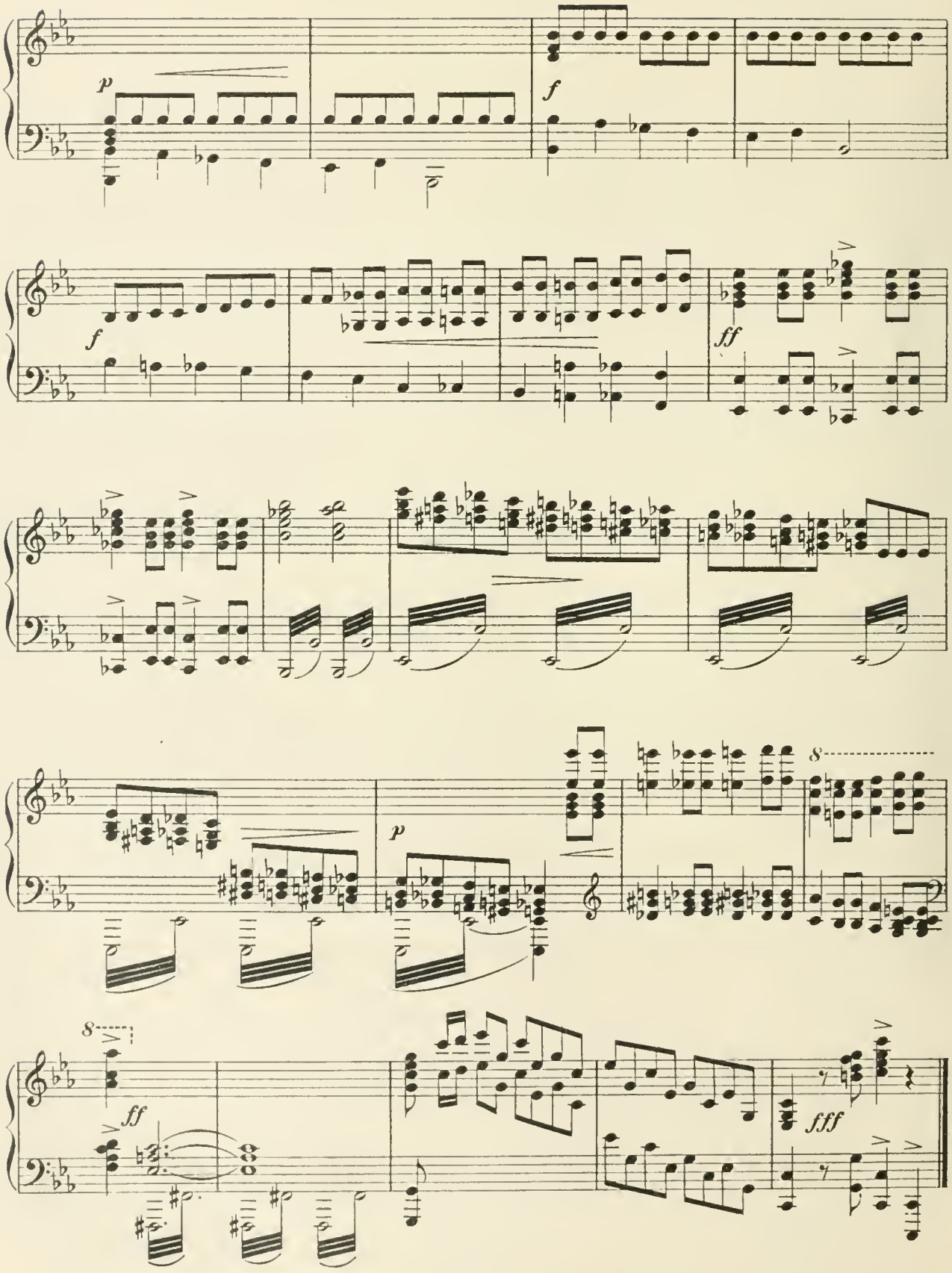
p *a tempo.* *rit.*

sym - phon - y of night. The sym - phon - y of night.

p *rit.* *pp*

Change of Scene.




p
f
f
ff
p
8
8
ff
fff

Mystic Sorcerers.

Malzadoc and Chorus.

Words by
GUY F. STEELY.

Music by
FREDERIC CHAPIN.

SOP. & ALTO.

TEN.

BASS.

CHORUS.

In mys - tic halls of

p

Here a -

We gath-er once a-gain

rev-el - ry.

Here a -

With pow - ers born of dev - il - try. We gath-er once a-gain

f

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gain

Prac - tic - ing leg - er - der - main. Sor - cer - ers then to

gain

Prac - tic - ing leg - er - der - main. Sor - cer - ers then to

ff

work for you have plen - ty of work to do.

work for you have plen - ty of work to do.

MALZ.

Ho - cus, Po - cus fee, foe, fie.

We're sor - - cer - ers

We're sor - - cer - ers Ha! ha! ha! ha!

p

MALZ.

Prest - o, rest - o mee, low, mi.

We're sor - - cer - ers.

Yes in-deed we are

Imp and gob - lin wood - land fay

Do our work with

When our mag - ic wand we sway.

care

Do our work with care

unis.

Brew - ing ev - ry - where.

Trou - ble is brew - ing ev - ry - where.

MALZ.

While the mys-tic owls are blink - ing Night-time is their day.

BASSES.

Night time is their day.

mf

MALZ.

Then the dev - ils' brains a - think - ing of some prank to play.

So in the mag-ic spell of_ night, we fath - - om mys - ter - ies pro-found

So in the mag-ic spell of_ night, we fath - - om mys - ter - ies pro-found

p

Chant - ing, rant - ing mag - ic_ words Chang - ing Bung - loo's

Chant - ing, rant - ing mag - ic words Chang - ing Bung - loo's

cresc. molto.

in - to_ birds Pres - ti - di - gi - ta - ting a-round a -

in - to_ birds Pres - ti - di - gi - ta a - - round a -

a - round a -

ff

(Clash of thun-
der and lightning.)

fff (Scream.)

round We're won - ders we're won - ders Ho - cus - po - cus

round We're won - ders we're won - ders Ho - cus - po - cus

(Scream.)

(Scream.)

fff *ff* *p* *p*

his - to - ry tells we're sor - - cer - ers

his - to - ry tells we're sor - - cer - ers

sor - cer - ers We are yes in-deed we are

Ev - 'ry one be - ware For we are mys - tic

Prowl - ing here and there For we are mys - tic

sor - cer - ers, For we are mys - tic sor - cer - ers So then be -

sor - cer - ers, For we are mys - tic sor - cer - ers So then be -

ware, be-ware, For we are mys - tic sor- cer - ers, For we are sor - cer - ers mys -

ware, be-ware, For we are mys - tic sor - cer - ers, For we are sor - cer - ers mys

cresc. *ff*

te - ri - ous be-ware, be - ware, be - - - - ware.

te - ri - ous be-ware, be - ware, be - - - - ware.

fff

The Merry Mystic Man.

(I Did It.)

Words by
GUY F. STEELY.

Music by
FREDERIC CHAPIN.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

ff

— When
When the

fff

mf

CHO.

ev - er you hear — a thun - der bolt crack, I did it (He
hair dis - ap-pears from the top of your head, I did it (He

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did) I did. When a trol - ley car gives you a jab in the back,
did) I did. When the end of your nose turns a straw - ber - ry red,

CHO.

I did it (He did) I did. When the morn - ing's milk sours be -
I did it (He did) I did. You go out in the coun - try thro'

fore it is noon; If the cook and your hus - band should
sum - mer to stay; You come back and a gas bill you

hap - pen to spoon, It was all brought a - bout by a phase of the moon.
find you must pay, For the gas me - ter la - bored while you were a - way.

CHO.

I did it (He did, he did, he

f

Solo.

did, he did) I did, I did, I did.

mf

REFRAIN.

For I'm a ver - y dras - tic man, Ex - ceed - ing - ly bom-

mf

bas - tic man; A ver - y plas - tic and fan - tas - tic,

cold sar-cas - tic man. 'Tis I who make the wel - kin ring 'Tis

I who teach the birds to sing; For I'm a mys - tic,

rit. *a tempo.*

CHO.

mys - tic, mys - tic. (He's a mys - tic, mys - tic man.)

fff

Hist!!! A mer - ry mys - tic man.

mf *sfz*

When the Cuckoo Met the Pussy Cat.

Words by
GUY F. STEELY.

Music by
FREDERIC CHAPIN.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

f

A ___
One ___
When the

until ready.

p

cuck - oo lived in a clock on the wall, In the home of an an - cient
day the old maid went out to ___ call And she left the cat a -
old cat found that ___ bird was ___ wood His ___ chagrin was be-yond des -

p

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maid - en; And the room where that cuck - oo used to call Was the
sleep - ing; She had just passed out of the big front hall When the
crip - tion. He___ kicked him - self but it did no good He was

room that the pet cat played in. When - e'er he heard that
cat at the bird was peep - ing. The cat wait - ed long for the
in for a warm re - cep - tion. When the maid came back the

cuck - oo bird The pus - sy thrilled with plea - sure, Said
bird's sweet song And then for the time - piece flut - tered. One
bird a - lack, Was no more in the place where it roost - ed. She

he: "Some day when the old maid's a-way I'll eat that bird at my
stif-fled coo for the hour of two Was the last word that bird-y——
grabbed the mop and with one kerf-lop The cat to the al-ley was

leis-ure."
ut-tered. Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo! Me-ow——
boost-ed.

mf *sfz*

Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo! Me-ow.——

sfz *p* *tr* *rit.*

REFRAIN.

Coo, Coo cried the bird-y spright-ly, Mew, Mew, said the cat pol-ite-ly;

mf

Sad to tell it, Woe be - fell it When the bird - y

met that ter - ri - ble cat. Coo, Coo, Bird no dan - ger dream - ing,

Mew, Mew, For his din - ner scheem - ing; Naught - y kit - ty

Had no pit - y When the cuck - oo met the pus - sy cat.

sfz

My Dreamland Maid.

Words by.
GUY F. STEELY.

Music by
FREDERIC CHAPIN.

Moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

mf

1. When the eve - ning shad - ows 'round a - bout are hov - er - ing, And
2. All my fear of ri - vals I can safe - ly put a - side, She

p

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lull - ing zeph - yrs blow, When my drow - sy eyes a
loves but me a - lone. And she thinks that I am

dream - y spell is cov - er - ing I see the on - ly sweet-heart that I
ex - cel - lence per - son - i - fied, For I'm the on - ly man she's ev - er

know. She's a mys - tic slum - ber - maid - en quite e - the - re - al, In
known. And she does not crave for gifts in rich va - ri - e - ty, So

film - y white ar - rayed. Were she a tri - fle
I am not a - fraid. Of cul - tiv - at - ing

more ma - te - ri - al I would wed my dain - ty dream - land
the so - ci - e - ty Of my dain - ty, lit - tle dream - land

REFRAIN.

maid. She's my sweet-heart, she's my lit - tle dream-land maid, And she's a
maid.

p *f*

fan - cy flow'r by fair - y hands por - trayed; And not a

queen That earth has seen Is half so charm-ing as this dream-land

maid. Though I know that she is pure - ly vis - ion - a - ry, In my

heart for - ev - er - more a love I'll car - ry For this

miss, Whom fair - ies kiss,

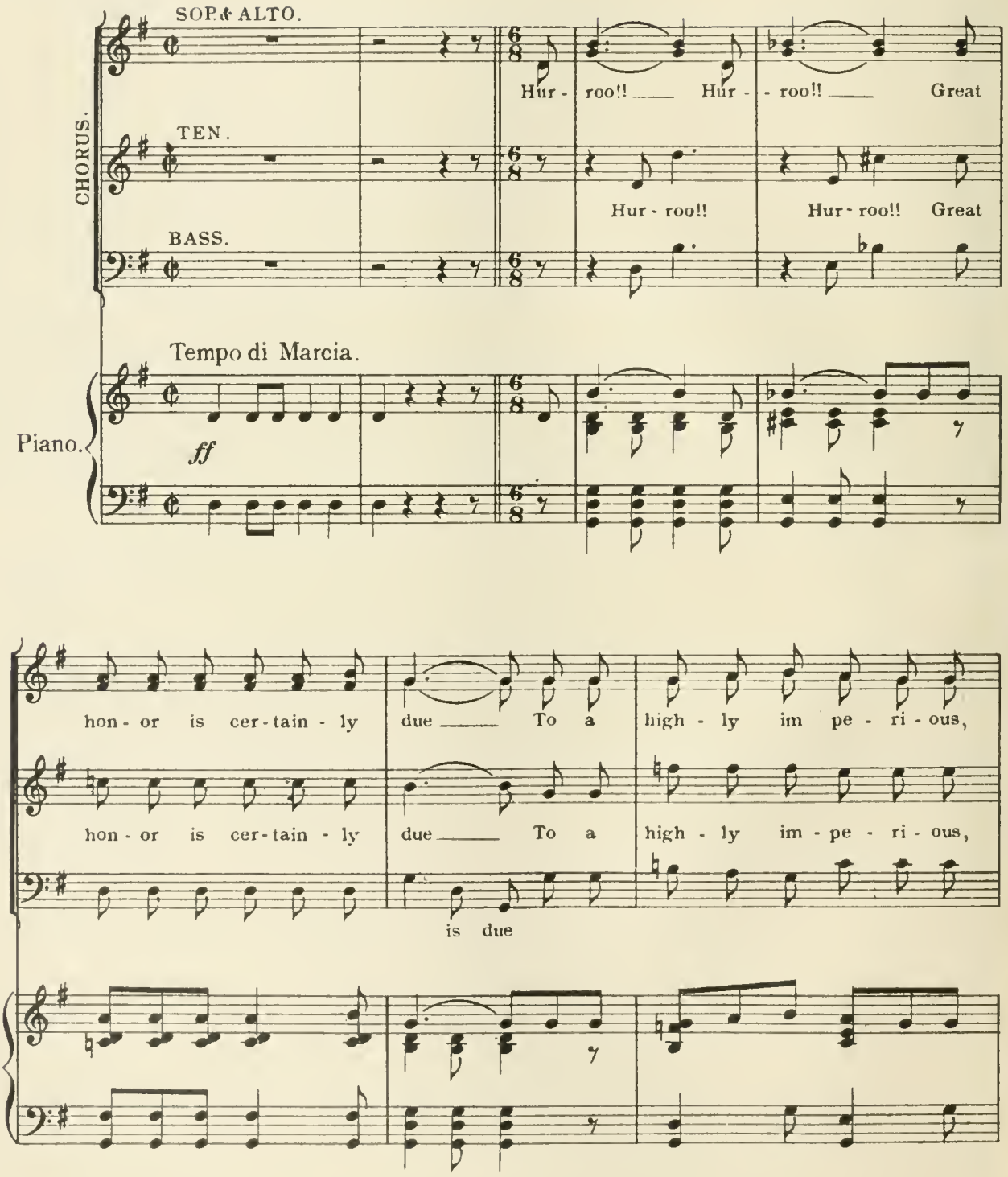
I'll be faith - ful to my dream-land maid. She's my maid.

f *sfz*

Finale II.

Words by
GUY F. STEELY.

Music by
FREDERIC CHAPIN.



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sor - row - ful, se - ri - ous, Rul - er as great as our own Bung - loo, To a

sor - row - ful, se - ri - ous, Rul - er as great as our own Bung - loo, To a

vain e - go - tist - ic - al, quite pes - si - mis - tic - al sov - er - eign like Bung -

vain e - go - tist - ic - al, quite pes - si - mis - tic - al sov - er - eign like Bung -

loo, A sov - er - eign like Bung - loo.

loo, A sov - er - eign like Bung - loo.

ff

Allegro moderato.

Al - gy, Claude and Ber - tie All are fond of Ger - tie

Al - - - - - - - gy, Ber - - - - - - tie

Allegro moderato.

mf

Swear that she's the best in town A - ny one she chose to

Swear that she's the best in town A - ny one she chose to

town, the best in town, Sir

Tempo di Marcia.

She could make pro - pose to Flir - ty lit - tle Ger - tie Brown.

She could make pro - pose to Flir - ty lit - tle Ger - tie Brown.

Tempo di Marcia.

f

ff

We're brave and gal-lant sol-diers of the king So read-y to

ff

We're brave and gal-lant sol-diers of the king So read-y to

ff

ff *marcato.*

do and dare. When bu-gles sum-mon, to arms we

do and dare. When bu-gles sum-mon, to arms we

spring In the face of the can-nons' glare. But

spring In the face of the can-nons' glare. But

the can-nons glare.

when in bat-tle be - fore the en - e - my The toc - sins with an - ger

when in bat-tle be - fore the en - e - my The toc - sins with an - ger

ring Then you will hear us, cheer us on to vic - to -

ring Then you will hear us, cheer us on to vic - to -

of the

- ry We're the sol - diers, sol-diers of the king. Hip hoo - rah! Hip hoo - rah!

- ry We're the sol - diers, sol-diers of the king. Hip hoo - rah! Hip hoo - rah!

sfz

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